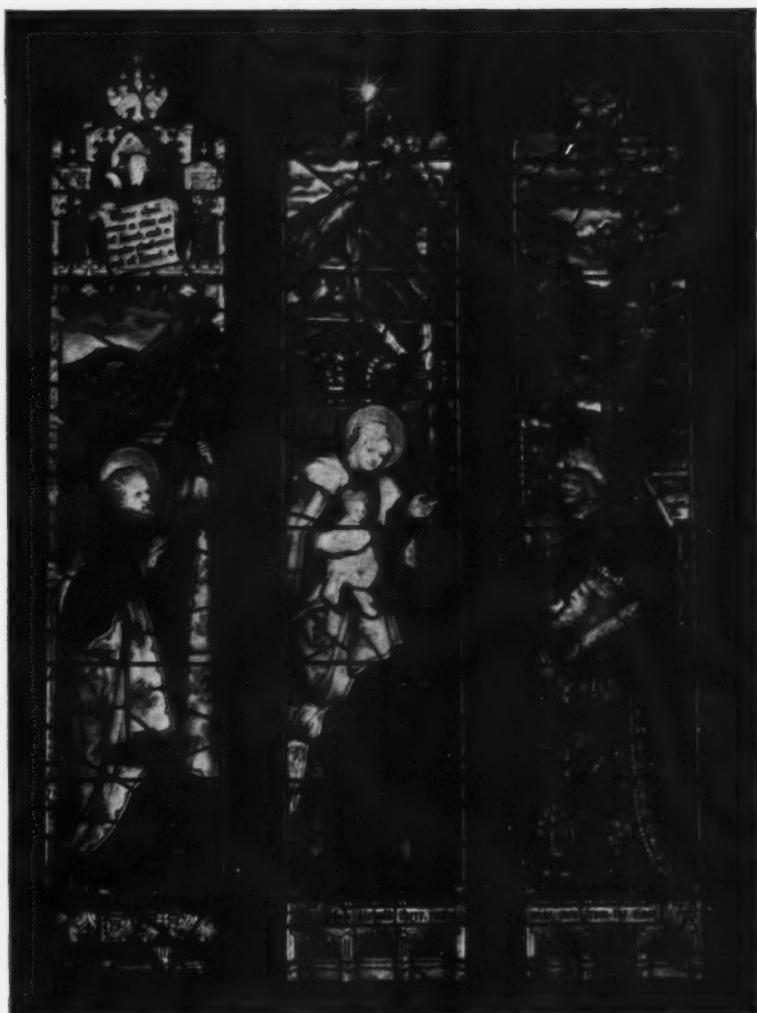


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Christmas 1948



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How Are We Going to Celebrate Christmas at a Time Like This?

By JOHN WALLACE SUTER

SOMETIMES a man looks at me with drawn face and says, "These are awful times—really terrible. The situation is serious for Christianity." Often I feel like replying, "You don't know *how* serious."

The Church of Christ has a purpose and a message of its own. It takes no orders from any human source. It has its "absolutes." We are disciples of Christ first; nationalists, only in so far as Christian loyalty allows. As Christians, we are solemnly bound to try to lift our nation's—and, indeed, our world's—thinking up to the level of the mind of Christ.

In these difficult days, how are we to celebrate our Lord's Birthday? Here are two suggestions:

First: Use prayer more than ever before. It does not change God, and never will, but it does change the situation. Do some of your thinking on your knees. Examine your wishes in the light of God's presence and purpose.

Second: Set your thoughts into conformity with Christ's thoughts, so that you can go on thinking them regardless of what happens in history.

At a time like this the average person is swayed by certain feelings, automatically—fear, hatred, the sense of superiority, nervous indignation. To this thinking and feeling the Christian Church is pledged to add something special of its own. Unless we are false to the trust reposed in us, we cannot allow ourselves to be sounding-boards for the mental and emotional outcries which are always heard in days of deep public stress. We can celebrate Christmas by refreshing our souls and renewing our lives at the ever-flowing fountain of God's grace, and by carrying our new strength and faith to those in need around us.

The Massacre of the Holy Innocents

By THE REV. LEONARD ELLINWOOD, M.M., Ph.D.

*Glory be to God on high,
and on earth peace, good will towards men.*

yet all was not good will at Christmastide in Bethlehem, for a direct consequence of the joyous tidings which the angels sang (St. Luke 2:8-15) was Herod's pogrom (St. Matthew 2:16-18) which the Church commemorates annually on December 28 in the Feast of the Holy Innocents. The dire events of that day, as of many highlights of Biblical narrative, were taught to medieval churchgoers through various mediums of what today would be called visual education. Sculptured stone, stained glass, music, painting—all the arts joined in teaching the life of Christ and of his saints to an age essentially illiterate. Thus, during the course of the tenth century the Liturgical Drama developed, in which familiar figures from the statues and windows of the great cathedrals came to life and re-enacted their drama in nave and choir. One of these early Liturgical Dramas was developed around Wipo's famous Easter sequence, *Victimae paschali*, No. 97 in The Hymnal 1940.

The most elaborate Liturgical Drama, in both musical and dramatic context, was the setting of "The Massacre of the Holy Innocents" found in a twelfth century manuscript from the Benedictine abbey at Fleury-sur-Loire, now preserved in the municipal library at Orléans, France. In this play the full détail of the Gospel story is sung and enacted by men and boys before the rood screen, with just enough embellishment to maintain the congregation's interest throughout and to provide the happy ending found equally necessary by the modern screen. The roles of an angel, the Blessed Virgin Mary, Rachel, and group of mothers are taken by solo boys, while that of the Holy Innocents is played by the remainder of the boy choristers. Choir men take the roles of Joseph, Herod, his servant Armiger, and his son Archelaus.

The drama opens with the Innocents taking their place at the rear of the nave, and Herod a place at the left of the rood screen. The dramatic action begins with the angel, in the pulpit, summoning Joseph and Mary



The Massacre of the Innocents as depicted in the "Warburg Book of Hours," Flemish, circa 1510. From the Rare Books Division, Library of Congress.

and warning them to flee to Egypt. In the second scene the Innocents approach, and Armiger, having reminded Herod of the failure of the Wise Men to report back to him regarding the Birth of Christ, is told to slay them. After a brief dialogue between the Children and the angel, there is a long scene in which Rachel and the other mothers mourn over the bodies which are strewn on the steps before them. The plainsong, written for this scene by an unknown medieval composer, reaches a poignant depth unsurpassed by even a Wagner, seven hundred years later. The angel sings, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and the restored Innocents rise up from the steps and resume their places in the choir. The play concludes with Archelaus succeeding Herod and the angel summoning the Holy Family back from Egypt, while the choir takes up the glad strain of *Te Deum laudamus*.

The music of these Liturgical Dramas draws heavily on still older plainsongs from the liturgy. The "Massacre of the Holy Innocents" takes its opening lines from an antiphon for All Saints' Day, followed by others from the Sundays in Advent. The dialogue between the angel and the Innocents makes use of the responsory, *Sub altare Dei*, for Holy Innocents' Day. Immediately after Rachel's lament, the mothers sing in dialogue a famous tenth century sequence, *Quid tu, virgo*, which is thought to have been composed by Notker Balbulus of St. Gall. The concluding music consists of antiphons from Good Friday, Holy Innocents' Day, and the Assumption B.V.M. In the Fleury manuscript only the beginning, or *incipit*, of many of these melodies is indicated, so that in order to make modern performance possible the present writer had to search out the full plainsongs in a number of medieval antiphonaries and graduals.

In conclusion we should note that from Liturgical Dramas such as this one came the later Mystery Plays which in turn paved the way for the great dramas of the sixteenth century. Their actors were the men and boys of the choir, their stage settings the normal furnishings of the cathedral, their costumes slight adaptations of choir and clergy vestments. Their vogue was from the tenth to the fourteenth century, by which time their lines were largely spoken rather than sung, and their dialogues so vulgar that the productions were moved out of the cathedral into the public square. Their place within the cathedral was taken by the Passion Plays, and more particularly by the polyphonic settings of the Passion by composers such as Obrecht, which in turn led to the

(Continued on page 37)

EXCERPT FROM BISHOP DUN'S
ADDRESS AT STONE SERVICE
SEPTEMBER 29, 1948

"What is it that we do here on Mt. St. Alban? To use a favorite word of the Prophet Isaiah, we raise an 'ensign.' We set up a standard—a standard fair in stone and glowing glass that will tower above the Capital City of our Nation. We unfurl a banner here. And on the banner is written for all to read, 'Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth.' As brave men, who will be remembered here, raised a banner on Iwo Jima, as the bravest of the brave set up His standard of the Cross 'towering o'er the wrecks of time,' so we raise a standard here.

"A great assembly of Christ's people has said in recent days—It is not in man's power to banish sin and death from the earth, to build the Holy Catholic Church, to conquer the hosts of Satan. That final victory is alone within the power of God. Its final disclosure lies beyond this world's seeing. But, by our acts of obedience and faith, we can on earth set up signs which point to that coming victory.

"In the midst of the uncertainties and fears of our troubled times, we dare this act of obedience and faith. We set up this sign pointing to His victory. We pray that He may so accept and use the work of our hands that men and women gathering beneath this standard may find their faith and courage and charity renewed. Here may they lay aside all their burdens and take up that new burden which He makes light.

"May all who build here with hand or gift or mind know that they build for God."

Tower Cross of St. Matthew's Cathedral Reaches High Into Skies Over Wyoming

Cathedral in Missionary District Began Life on a Flat Car in 1867

By THE VERY REV. DUDLEY B. McNEIL, Dean

ST. Matthew's Cathedral in Laramie began its life in the Missionary District of Wyoming and Idaho lying in small wooden sections on a flat car. Today, little more than 80 years later, it claims the distinction of lifting its cross nearer to heaven than any other cathedral in the country.

St. Matthew's, originally a pro-cathedral, was in 1867 a small white frame church which arrived in sections on a flat car of the first Union Pacific train to reach the "tail's end" town. On St. Matthew's Day in 1892 the cornerstone of the present large stone building was laid by the Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, First Bishop of the District. Five years later he consecrated it.

The cathedral is built of limestone, quarried but few miles from Laramie. Its architecture is early English Gothic. The towers were not completed until 1917, and at that time the chimes and clock were installed on the front tower. Externally, the cathedral is about 130 feet long and seventy-six feet across the choir and flanking

towers. The cross on the spire of the front tower is 118 feet above the sidewalk, and exactly 7,276 above sea level. A careful study of the altitudes of the see cities of both the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Roman Catholic Church in the United States shows that while other cathedrals may be larger, St. Matthew's in Laramie has the unique distinction of lifting the cross nearer to heaven than any other cathedral in the country.



Photo by Ludwig of Wyoming
St. Matthew's Cathedral in Laramie, Wyoming.

The cathedral close consists of an entire block in downtown Laramie, and, in addition to the cathedral itself, contains the bishop's house, District offices, and the Cathedral Home for Children. There is a plan, prepared during the episcopate of the Rt. Rev. Nathaniel S. Thomas, Second Bishop of the District, for the ultimate development of the grounds with a series of buildings including a deanery, canons' residence, library, and synod hall.

Diligent inquiry has failed to verify the statement sometimes made that the cathedral is copied from an English prototype. While some details suggest English examples, the general plan and design appear to have been the architect's original composition. Mrs. William Halsey Wood, widow of the architect, some years ago wrote, "My husband built St. Matthew's Cathedral several years before his death. I am quite sure the design was an original conception of his own. He was steeped in English architecture, which he loved, but to my knowledge he never modeled directly from any particular church."

All of the windows in the cathedral were done by Heaton, Butler and Bayne of London, and there are but five clerestory windows remaining to be placed, one of these being on order at the present time.

The window over the beautiful altar and reredos of caen stone is the "All Saints" window. The south transept, which contains the children's chapel, has a beautiful window depicting in its three lancets the Transfiguration. In the north transept is the baptistry, and the window over the font shows the baptism of Jesus by John the Baptist. The clerestory windows depict various scenes of the Gospel, and other windows show incidents in the life of the Church in Athens, England, Ireland, the United States, and the Missionary District of Wyoming.

Chapel of Our Saviour

The Chapel of Our Saviour is to the left of the baptistry, and will hold about fifty persons. Windows along the gospel side depict the life of Our Lord, and on the epistle side are glass doors that open to the cathedral proper. The altar consist of three massive pieces of native stone, and credence table and communion rail are of like design. The pavement of the sanctuary in this chapel, given at the time of the tenth anniversary of the episcopate of Bishop Thomas, is of tile, and contains all

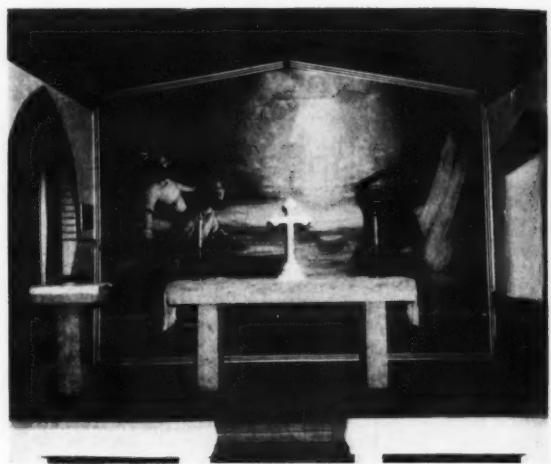


Photo by Ludwig of Wyoming
A mural depicting the Transfiguration forms the reredos for the altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour, St. Matthew's Cathedral.

known Christian symbols. A fourteenth century crucifix hangs on the wall near the communion rail. The entire wall behind the altar is a mural of the Transfiguration.

The dean's study, sacristy, and choir rooms are all on the floor of the cathedral proper, while the undercroft houses the Woman's Auxiliary room, main parish hall, church school rooms, boys' choir practice room, recreation room, and kitchens.

The organ of the cathedral is a four manual Skinner, given as a memorial, and with its more than 6,000 pipes is one of the finest in the country. An echo organ is at the rear of the church in the main tower.

At present there are three choirs, and more than twenty organizations connected with the cathedral, including the Men's Club, and six guilds of the Woman's Auxiliary. The Rt. Rev. Winfred H. Ziegler D.D., Bishop, is now on sick leave in California and the Rt. Rev. James Wilson Hunter, Bishop-coadjutor, is the ecclesiastical authority. The Very Rev. Dudley B. McNeil is the dean, and the Rev. Raymond Clark is in charge of student work at the University of Wyoming. Incidentally, the percentage of Episcopal students at this university is greater than at any other land grant university in the country, there being about 500 Episcopal students, and a total registration of about 3,400 students.

Laramie is a town of only about 13,000 persons, and the people of Wyoming are proud to have such a cathedral in a city of its size.

Religion in Guatemala, Land of Earthquakes

By MARTHA G. MORROW

GUATEMALA, the land of earthquakes and towering volcanoes, is a country of great contrasts. The same is true of its churches. Many in use today are modern; others are merely small chapels rising from the ruins of once-imposing edifices. In some the service is Roman Catholic; in others the religion is a strong mixture of Roman Catholicism and paganism. A building completed just ten or fifteen years ago may contain a 300-year old statue illuminated by fluorescent lighting. A modern amplifying system may be cleverly hidden behind altar pieces fashioned by craftsmen of the early seventeenth century.

Earthquakes are responsible for the newness of many of the buildings. Earthquakes also have caused many works of art to be removed to Guatemala City from the churches for which they were originally created.

In this land of many churches, pagan gods still lurk. They are found in remote hideouts, or on the very steps of a house of God. Rustic statues are sought by incense-bearing Indians hopeful of a good harvest or anxious to protect themselves from evil influences. Reluctant to renounce the idols that may still be of some help to them, the simple Indians have superimposed Christianity on a primitive structure. Now they pray to our Heavenly Father or to some stone idol as the occasion arises, or perhaps they call upon both in an emergency.

In the highlands of this populous Central American country the mingling of the Roman Catholicism brought by the conquerors and the pagan religion inherited from Indian ancestors is most evident. Two colonial churches face each other across the village square in Chichicastenango and on the steps approaching both, the pagan gods receive their due. The Church of Santo Tomas is built on rising ground. An impressive flight of stone steps, white with smudges of black from the incense offered by numerous worshippers, leads to the semi-

circular terrace before the church door. At the foot of the stairs, in line with the door, a flat slab of rock covers a box-like structure. Here ashes smolder day and night, for this is the quemador or "place of burning," where incense is offered to native gods.

Across the plaza the chapel of El Calvario also has a quemador. This is located at the top of the stairs, almost at the entrance of the church, where tradition forbids ladinos . . . white people or those of mixed blood . . . to enter. Much of the local life centers around the church, a mores particularly noticeable on market days. Indians, colorful in their black knee-pants, with embroidered wings and their bright red sute or headcloth,



Statues of St. Thomas, St. Sebastian, and St. John, under canopies of flowers, mirrors, and feathers, at the top of the steps of the Church of Santo Thomas, as they are removed from the edifice to join procession through the village of Chichicastenango.

The Cathedral Age

offer incense to their non-Christian gods as they mount steps leading to the Christian Church. Others lounge on these same steps, discussing crops or the weather with friends. Several barber shops, nestled against the wall of the church, do a brisk business. Women with children strapped to their backs come and go silently.

These steps belong to the Indians. Tourists wishing to explore the church use the side entrance. Standing or sitting quietly, sightseers can watch their barefoot brethren talk to their Maker undisturbed. The interior is dense with copal smoke drifting in through the main doorway. Candles flicker dimly throughout the vast building. Rose petals are scattered in neat patterns on the floor. Occasionally a mother nurses her crying infant to quiet him, while around her cluster groups waiting to be blessed. Some have trudged many weary miles, carrying heavy loads of pottery on their backs. Others intercede for a whole group. Sometimes it is the priest who blesses them; sometimes it is a member of their own tribe entrusted with certain church duties. Here and there an Indian seems to be talking directly to God or even arguing with Him.

Title to the church of Chichicastenango is held by the Indian municipality, which is responsible for its upkeep. At Santo Tomás the parish priest lives in an adjoining monastery, a building erected in 1542, by the Dominicans, who occupied it until the order was expelled with the other religious orders in 1871.

A system of brotherhoods or cofradías, composed of both men and women, is connected with the church. Each cofradía serves a single saint and is named for that saint. Members of the organization keep the building in order and stage the ceremonies and processions. The heads of the different brotherhoods, usually elected for one year, are chosen from the upper classes by the village elders.

Before the conquest, the images of Indian gods were hidden in hills, caves, and forests throughout most of the year. Prayers and sacrifices were offered them in secret. Today, in many sections of the country statues of the Christian saints are kept away from the church in the home of one or another of the most respected Indians. These images are greatly honored, but only on important holy days are they returned to the church to take part in the services and be carried in procession.

A Famous Shrine

One of the most famous shrines, not only in Guatemala but in all Central and South America, is that of

the Black Christ of Esquipulas. Miraculous cures are reported to have been performed at this sanctuary, located at the junction of Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras. Long before the conquest, Indians periodically visited this center to trade and worship on the spot where now stands the sacred image. The story is that Chief Esquipulas, who ruled this fertile valley when the Spaniards arrived, offered no resistance to the conquerors, as he felt it would be useless. Subsequently,



The facade of the Church of La Merced, built in 1760 in Antigua, has remained comparatively unharmed, despite earthquakes.

priests made the place a religious center and commissioned the famous colonial sculptor, Quirio Cataño, to make a figure of the Savior.

Money for the statue was raised by devout Indians. In placing the order, it was specified that the image be

of dark wood, resembling the Indian complexion. This was because the natives were afraid of the cruel conquerors and believed all white men evil. The color of the statue has been further darkened by time, the smoke of candles, and incense. Installed in 1595, the image proved an immediate success. Soon it was reported to have performed miracles. The dark color of the statue, however, may have been partly responsible for its popularity, as black is sacred to the Indian's ancestral religion. Today the figure of the Black Christ, girdled in white satin embroidered with gold and laden with jewels, is the goal of tens of thousands of pilgrims annually. So great is its popularity that several other statues of a dark-skinned Christ are to be found elsewhere in Guatemala.

Another expression of the continuing influence of pagan customs is the tribal dance. Each step has a purpose and a meaning. Spanish priests, horrified at the symbolism of the fertility dances presented by the Indians, and yet anxious to utilize a medium so popular with them, suppressed some dances, adapted some, and developed new ones. The Indians in turn interpreted the dances in their own way, so that now pagan rituals are performed under Christian guise. Throughout the centuries elements have been eliminated or irrelevant ideas introduced in the dances. Today many dancers have only a vague conception of the significance of the steps they perform, but are satisfied to do them just as their ancestors did, not understanding why. A vivid manifestation of the admixture of old and new occurs on the day of the town's patron saint. The occasion is the chief holiday, or fiesta, of the village or town. A fiesta is a gala affair. All wear their best clothes. Noise and confusion reign, with marimbas, drums, and flutes most audible above the din. Rockets, made by the natives, are shot off while processions wind their way around the town, following the image of a saint whose canopy is bedizened with flowers, feathers, velvet, and mirrors.

One of the favorite dances is La Conquista, celebrating the arrival of the conquerors. The red hair and fair skin of Pedro de Alvarado, spearhead of the Spaniard's warfare against the Indians, made a lasting impression on these dark people, so that today masks with pink cheeks, blue eyes, and golden hair are used in many celebrations.

Effect of Earthquakes

Earthquakes are so frequent and so disastrous that in many sections of Guatemala a special type of architec-

ture was developed to protect the buildings. The walls are unusually thick, often reinforced with solid buttresses. In general, the edifices tend to be low and compact, having a sawed-off appearance. The columns are usually built of brick and often covered with plaster decorations, brilliant reds, blues, and yellows being used lavishly, to brighten the somber churches and monasteries.

One of the most beautiful and prosperous cities of the colonial era was Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala (St. James of the Knights of Guatemala.) Today known as Antigua, or ancient city, this capital is estimated to have had more than sixty churches, as well as numerous monasteries. Baroque, Spanish-Moorish, and Italian styles were blended in their construction. But earthquake, flood, volcanic eruption, and pestilence visited the city. Many of the lovely buildings, among the finest in the New World, were wrecked in 1717 by a series of earthquakes. The capital, however, surviving this disaster, grew to be second only to Mexico City and Lima in size and influence. But in the summer of 1773 the town was almost completely demolished by another, more terrible quake. Almost the entire city crumbled to the ground and the few buildings that escaped comparatively undamaged were ruined by another tremor that shook the region later that same year.

Following these disasters, confusion reigned. Feeling ran high as to whether the capital should be transferred to another, safer location. It was finally moved about twenty-five miles east to a new site, the present Guatemala City. A royal decree was necessary to force this change, and some faithful souls refused to go, preferring to remain amid the ruins.

Today in Antigua are fragments of chapels, arches, and naves. The town market is held in the ruins of the old Jesuit church and families dwell amid the crumbling walls of ancient monasteries. Some of the churches have been rebuilt, or a single chapel restored. Others have been tidied up and bits of cloister or chapel artistically planted with bougainvillea or poinsettias.

Few fine paintings and sculptures are to be found in Antigua. Some of the art treasures have been lost. Others found their way to Guatemala City, where, surviving the earthquakes that have toppled many buildings in the new capital, exquisite altar pieces, statues, and paintings are carefully preserved in a church which despite its polyglot heritage, is a vital part of the lives of the people whom it serves.

St. Vitus Cathedral Prague, Czechoslovakia

By LISBETH DEZO

ON a steep hill high above the Vltava River in Prague, Czechoslovakia, stands the ancient Cathedral of St. Vitus. Located within the Hradcui, the area where resided the ancient kings of Bohemia, the cathedral today looks down upon the offices and home of the president of that unhappy country.

St. Vitus Cathedral was begun in 1344 by Matthew of Arras, the finest architect of his period, at the invitation of King Charles IV. After Matthew's death his work was continued by Peter Parler, but the Cathedral was not finally completed until 1929. Kings, archbishops, wordly and clerical dignitaries added to the church's decoration, until the building achieved the venerable appearance of today. The walls are of gray stone, erected in the traditional form of a cross. An appearance of overwhelming power is given by the great pillars which lean against the ancient walls to the high arch of the roof.

The inside is vast—high, clear, and wide is the view when you enter by one of the ironclad portals, over the high stone doorsteps. Here kings were crowned, and royal heirs baptized. The vast edifice held the whole court and crowds of onlookers and guests. Around the walls are chapel altars, all ornamented with stone carvings and paintings. The beautiful hand-made lace altar cloths were made and given by generations of pious women. Tall massive candelabra flank the altars, which are set off by wondrous rails of wrought iron and reached by steps covered with deep, warm-toned carpets.

On the altars are statues of the Virgin and saints, clad in real clothing of silk, linen, and wool, and wearing jewelled crowns. On some paintings the saints wear crowns of real silver, pearls, and semi-precious stones. From the ceremonial orb, with a cross in one hand, the other tiny wax-white hand raised for blessing, the Golden Infant, Jesus of Prague, smiles down upon the people from one of the side altars. The statue of St. John of Nepomuk, the martyr, who was drowned from a bridge



World News Service Photo

The Gothic spires of St. Vitus Cathedral tower over the heart of Prague, Czechoslovakia.

in the Vlatava River for not exposing the confession of a Queen of Bohemia, stands on his pedestal in an honored place. The whole church is rich with statues of saints; *(Continued on page 35)*



Washington Cathedral Apse—floodlighted at night.

On St. Alban's Mount
Rose in stony certitude amid the chaos of the scaffolding and stones
The new Cathedral apse, prophetic of the builders' plan,
A half-completed dream.

*The spirit of the Builder
Was upon the stones, and upon the hammers, squares, and plumb lines, and the workers' minds and hands.*

*The Force
That heaved the mountains and the hills,
And from the waste and void brought forth the continents and seas,
And from the seed the rose,
And from the drift of time and space the stars,
And that set the feet of men in rhythmic beating to eternal purposes in paths that lead to distant goals—
The Force
That by pressure of necessity and deep desire transmutes eternal truth in beauty's vis'ble form,
The Power Infinite
That from the immemorial ages' toil and pain,
And the urgency of love,
And the ecstasy and rapture of fulfillment,
And the anguish and the loneliness of Saviors on their crosses and of Martyrs in their fires—
The Spirit of the Purposer
Travailed there upon the mount to build a place of prayer—
Wrought through stones and faith and thought to body forth a microcosm of the human spirit that is called
a Gothic house of prayer.*

From "Night Watch" by Daniel Heitmeyer. Reprinted by permission from his volume, BEFORE MORNING, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Ohio.

Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kansas City

By ROBERT NELSON SPENCER

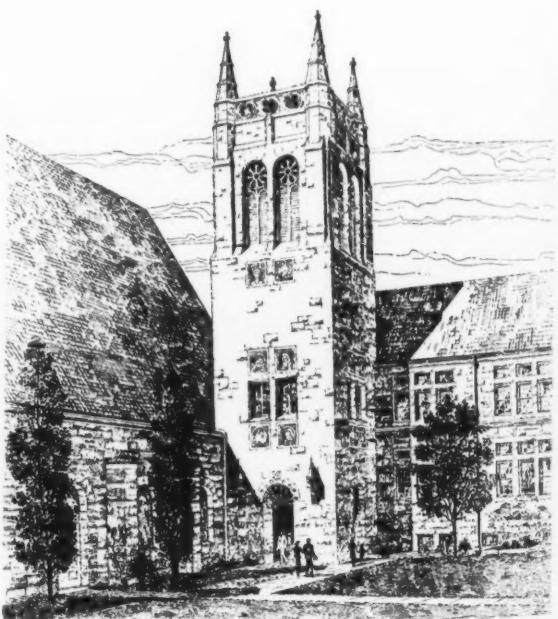
Bishop of West Missouri

SOME fifty years back, the then Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, Dr. William Alexander, began a Columbia lectureship on the Evidences of Christianity.

"Two friends once stood and gazed upward inside the Cathedral of Amiens. They paused for a while in speechless admiration of a strength like that of giants associated with an industry like that of dwarfs. One of the two friends (his name is of high distinction in circles which assuredly are not theological—Heinrich Heine) looked at his companion and said, 'You may see here the difference between opinions and convictions—*opinions* cannot build such cathedrals; *convictions* can!'

Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral in Kansas City was not born a cathedral at all, but achieved that dignity because of a bishop's wish and certain canonical and legislative acts. Nevertheless, convictions did build the parish church which became the cathedral, and convictions caused it to stand its ground in the shifting fortunes of its city. However, before I write of Grace and Holy Trinity let me cry grace upon the builders of Washington and New York, which, because of the majesty and daring of their convictions are worthy of towering amongst the great cathedrals of the world.

As its name would suggest, Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral, in the Diocese of West Missouri, is the result of the merger of two parish churches, Grace Church and Trinity Church respectively, with the "holy" added to the name for euphony's sake. It is not my purpose to detail the histories of these two churches. They were downtown churches. Trinity was about a mile from the business district, but in a neighborhood quite deserted by its members. Grace was nearer the business center, left upon a fringe of it, but a fringe that was badly fretted since the proud days when its boarding houses were



Pen and ink sketch of the tower, showing part of nave and parish house, Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kansas City.

mansions and its locale bore the undisputed title of "Quality Hill."

When Trinity Church was offered as a gift to the Negroes whose homes had surrounded it, and the gift was declined because the Negroes wanted a better location; when Grace Church, having been given to the Bishop to be a "Bishop's Mission Church in Consideration of One Dollar," and the Bishop's Mission Church had been tried and had failed, there seemed to be

Christmas, 1948

nothing to do but to reverse the adage and try to make one blade of grass grow where two had certainly withered.

But there was not "much grass in the place" when the merged congregations, perhaps one hundred in all, sat down in the pews of Grace Church that Sunday morning in the war year of 1917. Even then, they were not all communicants. Among them were the curious who had come, as they once came to Bethany, to see if this Lazarus could be raised from the dead. Perhaps I may be pardoned first person singular, and very singular, if I copy from a portion of my sermon that morning. I said in part:

"The merger of these two churches has resulted from what Manson in Mr. Kennedy's play, *The Servant in the House*, said must constitute any true church, namely, the joined hands of comrades. We have joined hands to preserve in this downtown area a witness to our holy religion. This district was once proudly known as Quality Hill. Now it has become Quantity Hill. But if Abraham Lincoln was right, God must love these quantity folk, must desire to keep a place to set His Name here. I am afraid we have not enough joined hands to maintain this place, and, with no invidious implication, I think you know that these people living here are more likely to go to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, or the Salvation Army, or to some of these 'Assemblies' as they call themselves, than they are to come to us. There is not the money here there once was. But if the people of this area cannot serve us, I am sure we can serve them. And there are people who still love this church, although they do not come here now. I propose that we try to raise an endowment sufficient to allow a man to live here, say an endowment of \$100,000. And since there are many who say that we cannot make this church go; that sister churches as strong as we had to fold up and go away; for the sake of these doubters, I should like a little extra, enough to place four gargoyles on the four corners of the tower out there, thumbing their noses to the four corners of this city, and saying: 'Having done all things, we stay right here!' " And I suited the gesture to the words.

That afternoon I was called to the phone and the amiable voice of a blessed woman said to me: "I heard your sermon this morning, Mr. Spencer. I liked especially your eloquent gestures. I am happy to be putting into the mail for you a check for twenty-five thousand dollars to start your endowment."

Foundation Established

More comrades joined hands, old comrades returned,

the endowment increased. A Foundation was established in support of a boy choir which became famed in the city, and indeed beyond, not only for its services to religious music, but to civic and cultural enterprises as well. The tide had turned and worshippers filled the pews. The church fabric was enriched as color was added to the somewhat austere interior of the dim old Norman Church. Best of all, Grace and Holy Trinity began to go about its neighborhood in social service, in so far as possible going about doing good. God was keeping His ancient promise, and doing better for us than at our beginnings. Grace and Holy Trinity was as great, if not greater, on Quantity Hill than it had been on Quality Hill.

In 1929, twelve years after the merger, a fire originating in the organ motor left the interior of the church a blackened ruin. Again rumors were current that Grace and Holy Trinity would now move to a new location.



High altar and sanctuary, Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral.

The Cathedral Age

The fire was on Tuesday in Holy Week. Before the embers were cold the rabbi and congregation of Temple B'Nai Jehudah had offered the temple for use as long as needed. This, mind you, for use on Good Friday and Easter Day! The kind offer, and that of others, was declined, a Masonic Temple near by was offered, and the services went on downtown until Grace and Holy Trinity was restored. In the restoration, in replacing the windows, and pews, and redecorating the place generally, much beauty and color were added.

In 1930, I was chosen to leave the beloved place and become the bishop of all the sanctuaries of West Missouri. Again, God was good to Grace and Holy Trinity in sending as my successor the Reverend Claude W. Sprouse, then rector of Trinity Church, Houston, Texas. Under his glowing personality and religious and administrative genius, the church went on from strength to strength. On account of its location and its seating capacity, the church is often used as an adjunct to the Municipal Auditorium nearby, whenever gatherings in the auditorium desire a chapel, so to speak, for their uses. More and more, especially since it became the Cathedral Church of the Diocese, Grace and Holy

Trinity is used for civic and patriotic purposes.

In 1935, Grace and Holy Trinity became the Cathedral Church of West Missouri, and the inaugural dedication took place in October of that year. The sermon was most appropriately preached by the Right Reverend Alexander Mann, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, a brother of Bishop Cameron Mann, who had built the church, but had not lived to see it made a cathedral. The week of dedication was marked by other religious and social occasions in which a whole city's good will was manifested.

Built by a Poet

I have not written much of the architectural form and content, having been a little zealous to justify the dictum of Heine, that if convictions build cathedrals, there had been convictions behind this church which was not built for, but which became, a cathedral. How shall one describe Grace and Holy Trinity? We say of some places that they have "atmosphere," and so we evade what we cannot express. It is significant that the visitor's register in the cathedral tower bears on every page the reiterated expression, "beautiful" or lovely" or "most inspiring atmosphere." The effect of the cathedral is mystical. I do not know how it could be better described than in words once used, not to describe a church that was, but a church that all churches should be: "Every detail and appointment of the place is devised to declare that, while on the earth, it is not of the earth. It is strangely unlike, and was meant to be unlike, all that you find in the marketplace and at the fireside. The noise and glare of the world are tempered into undertone and twilight. It is the shrine of the Presence of God, of the mystery of life, of the power of unseen things." I have always felt that in Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral, and others have felt it, and said so. If that atmosphere has been achieved, the initial impulse must have come from the fact that its builder, Cameron Mann, was a poet. He searched Europe for those unusually thick walls, thick and dwarfed with intention to accentuate the extraordinary steepness and uplift of the great tiled roof. That came, I suppose, from the northmen, but the northmen could not have been only fierce to build like a fortress; they must have been poets to build into that architecture their dreams.

No photographs can prove the dream. Somehow when you photograph such a place, the dream does not show in the picture. There are some fine windows, a few of them characteristic of American painted glass, but most of them added quite recently and since the fire. They

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The Roll of Honor hangs above the Children's Chapel altar.

Contrasting Furnishings Distinguish an Australian Parish Church

By MARGARET LAWRENCE

CENTURIES-OLD traditions of Gothic architecture have been skilfully combined with distinctively Australian features in a church which, its congregation believes, is the most beautiful Anglican parish church in Australia. It will be remembered by many Americans who were in Melbourne during the war.

The architecture of the parish church of St. John the Evangelist, Toorak (Victoria) is pure early English

Each of the forty-six pews bears a different bushland flower—such as waratah, wattle, bottle brush, lilly pilly—at its head, and a bird or animal—kangaroo, kookaburra, platypus, lyre bird, flying phalanger—on the arms. "Thus, as in the Benedictine, nature figures in the worship of the Creator."

St. John's Missionary Window is believed to have been the first in the world to feature an Australian ab-



Left, section of *Missionary Window*. Right, medieval glass above wood carving of sheep station. Center, Nankin Heron and Victorian Laurel decorate pew end.



Gothic. Most of the ornamentation follows traditional symbolism, but in some instances characteristically Australian motifs have been introduced. While these features do not detract from the unity of the church, they give it a distinctive character.

Carvings on head and arms of the oak pews represent Australian birds, animals and flowers.



original. It shows Christ (in the central panel) bringing the word of life to the worshipping nations. The aboriginal is shown kneeling at the left, his boomerang at his feet and the stars of the Southern Cross above his head. Behind him are the figures of an Indian and a Chinese, while in the right panel are a European, an Arab, and a Negro.

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York Minster

By HAL JUKES

IGUESS we Yorkshiremen will brag about anything . . . so long, of course, as it's "Yorkshire!"—from the size of our county (it's the biggest) to the quality of our fish and chips. I reckon it's part of our make-up.

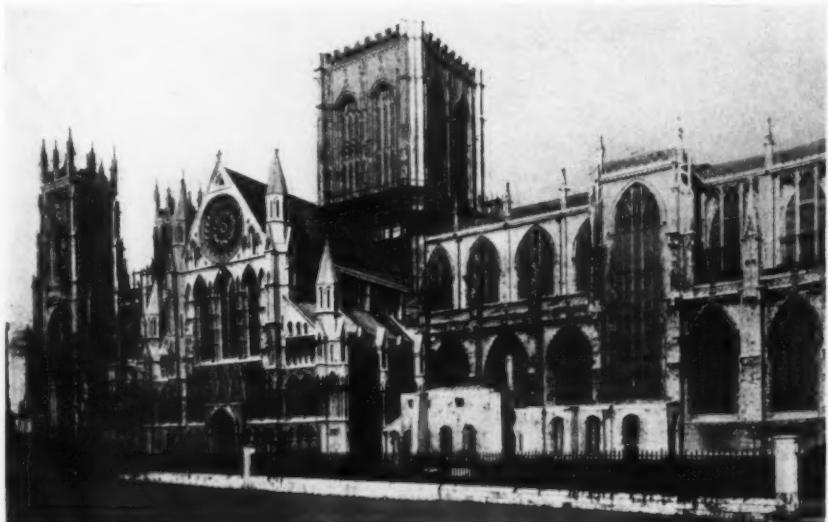
But there's one thing about which we might be excused—York Minster. York Minster really is magnificent. Miles away, when you are in the heart of the industrial West Riding, among the collieries and mills and foundries—grim smoke-blackened cities with not a flower or a blade of grass to be seen anywhere—some native will point out a towering spoil-bank, a huge high tip of dross and rubbish, and proudly say to you "You can see York Minster from t' top o' that!" It is the same in the lovely, unspoilt Yorkshire Dales country. An old shepherd leads you to the summit of one of his native hills and points with a gnarled, brown, weatherbeaten finger. "Sitha," he says. "Yon's York Minster!" He is as proud of it as if he were the dean.

When you get close to it, your eyes travel along its great length, with its massive central tower dominating all—if, in so perfectly a proportioned building, any one part can be said to dominate another. It is built entirely of silvery-white Tadcaster stone.

You come across York Minster almost right away as you leave the York railway station. Straight opposite to you is part of the old

defensive wall of the city; as white and clean as when it was built seven or eight hundred years ago, with the banks of what was once the moat all smothered in daffodils, nodding in the breeze. Then you look left, and over the roadside trees and the busy traffic, dwarfing everything, even though it's half a mile away, is the great West Front of the cathedral, York Minster. It grows more and more in loveliness as you approach it. You can't take your eyes away from it; even though, in York, there's something worth while seeing at every corner, something which in another city would be a showpiece, but is here only a commonplace.

York is the loveliest town I know. There was an old mediaeval saying: "Lincoln was, London is, and York will be, the fairest city of the three." Well, I think the time has come. York welcomes one with all the urbane



York Minster from the south east. The famous cathedral's history covers more than thirteen centuries.

grace of a well-bred lady. Her people are unselfconscious. Their city is so old, so much a cornerstone of history, that the novelty wore off two thousand years ago. Her folk smile, even her policemen, as they courteously answer questions. It is as though, when you mention your admiration of this and that, any one of a thousand things, it is as though they said "Yes, we know; but we've grown used to it." They are patient with visitors, for they are all quietly and undemonstratively proud of their city. They have been proud of it so long that their pride has grown to be part of them; it is an inherited instinct almost; it is subconscious. York has been a proud city for more than twenty centuries, long before even the Roman came, before the time of Christ.

It was the capital city of the Brogantes, the most stubborn and war-like of all the ancient British tribes. Tacitus mentions bloody battles and an arduous struggle. And when, at last, the Roman legions took the place, they made it the capital of the country. The seat of government—a military government in time of conquest—had to be near the battlefield. Two Caesars died at York, and there the legions proclaimed their successors to the mastery of the Roman world. They walled in the city; much of their work still stands—you can even see their scribblings on the walls, and for centuries it was their chief outpost of empire. It must have been a big place; as big, if not bigger than it is now. When the authorities were excavating for the Railway Station they came across a cemetery over a mile square—bodies three deep. And that was only one of several such burial grounds which have been discovered.

And, of course, thousands and thousands of relics have been found—statues, altars, weapons, and ornaments; everything imaginable. Somehow in York, the Roman occupation, in spite of all the centuries of vivid history in between, doesn't seem so very far away.

But of all these relics, one especially appeals to me; the funerary appointments of the first, or early second, century, Christian burial of a Roman woman; it might be of as early a date as 98 A.D. Here in York, in pagan Roman York, in the middle of a cultured, sophisticated city where the people worshipped Jupiter and all their pantheon of gods, the Christian faith was already established only seventy or eighty years after the death of Christ. Seventy or eighty years, maybe less. This Roman woman, living far away from Rome though she was, must have received her faith, fresh and unspoilt, from men who, themselves, or at most their fathers, had actually known Christ. It was an important find, even to archaeologists; but to me—as I say, just an ordinary



York Minster. The high altar and the east window, the largest glazed window in Britain, measuring seventy-eight feet by thirty-three feet.

chap—it is one of the greatest which York has given to us. In seventy years there would not have been time or need for outside influences to have crept in; the wonder of the Christian revelation itself would have been too fresh in people's minds.

But that was only the beginning. The present Minster is built upon the site of the Roman praetorium, the military headquarters of the northern half of Britain. It is the fifth church to be built there. More than thirteen centuries ago, Edwin, King of Northumbria, was converted to Christianity by the combined persuasions of his wife, Ethelburga, and Paulinus, a missionary bishop of Rome. Edwin built a little wooden church in which, on Easter Day in the year 627, he was baptized. He started to build a stone church round this original temporary wooden one, but he did not live to finish it. Fighting for his adopted faith, he was killed in battle.

But the work he started was carried on by other worthy men. Three churches were built on this same site before the Conquest. As one was destroyed by fire or war or any other cause, another arose in its place.

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Bells of Pioneer Churches

By DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

NEARLY every remote hamlet in northern New Mexico has its small thick-walled adobe church. And every church, no matter how poor the community or remote the location, has its tower with at least one talkative bell, whose sound floats out over the snows of winter and the flowering arroyos of summer. Around those bells has grown up a regional lore that is as indigenous and colorful as the tawny soil which forms the church walls, and the hand-hewn shafts of pine trees supporting the roofs.

In Spanish colonial days the church bell in its adobe tower was a necessity. Although the squat village houses clung close together around the dusty plaza, the men worked far afield. They guided scant water down meandering ditches to peach and apple orchards; they led their flocks to mountain meadows; they planted their red chiles, corn, and beans along the singing streams. Bells called them home for church services. Bells tolled a death. Bells announced village meetings and rang out the gay hours of fiestas. And bells warned of lurking Apaches and Comanches and the terror of an Indian raid. So much a part of New Mexican village life have bells become that they have taken on personalities. The lore and poetry that has grown up around them is a product of the beauty-loving romantic Spanish mind.

Not far from Santa Fé in the shelter of great shadow-flecked mountains stands the village church of Santa Cruz, one of the largest in the state. It was built in 1733 on the ruins of the original chapel erected in 1695. The small Santa Cruz River flows through the town. Around the old church ancient apple, peach, and cherry orchards blossom each spring, their pink and silver sprays etched against brown walls.

In its adobe belfry the church at Santa Cruz has a bell whose tone reveals the presence of precious metals. To account for its golden tone, they tell the story of Don Angelo and his betrothed, Doña Teresa.

Don Angelo, aflame to cast in his lot with the Spanish

colonists in what is now New Mexico, crossed the seas in a high prowed, sail-driven galleon. In the course of time he found himself in the village of Santa Cruz in the shadow of the great mountains. But shortly after his arrival the Apaches fell upon the village and Don Angelo was killed.

Back in Spain he had left an aged father and his beautiful sweetheart, Doña Teresa. News traveled slowly in those days, but at last the father and Doña Teresa learned of the tragedy. As a memorial to his son, the father ordered a bell to be cast and hung in the tower of the little adobe church in far away Santa Cruz, across the uncharted seas in a strange savage land.

To the casting of the bell the whole Spanish village



Photo by New Mexico State Tourist Bureau
The church at Acoma. Bell tower at left.

turned out. Doña Teresa was there, wrapped in her black shawl and with tears of grief on her white face. As she passed slowly by the great cauldron of molten metal which was to form the bell, she snatched the golden ornaments from her person and flung them in. Off went her heavy gold cross and chain, her bracelets, and even the ring Don Angelo had given her. Other youths and maidens followed her example as they walked around the bubbling mass. In went rings and necklaces, jewels and costly ornaments. Matrons hurried home and returned with silver basins and ewers.

That is why the bell in the tower of the church in Santa Cruz has such a sweet, comforting tone when it sounds across the blossoming orchards and along the little river. Black-shawled women tell the story of adventurous Don Angelo and his betrothed, Doña Teresa. Some of them say that the great golden-toned bell rings softly on the anniversary of Don Angelo's death—and never a bell-ringer in sight.

The Chapel of San Miguel, said to be one of the oldest church edifices in the United States, stands in Santa Fé along the route of the covered wagons. It, too, has a golden-voiced bell to which local tradition has given a poetic story.

San Miguel was originally built as a mission for the Mexican Indian servants the Spanish conquerors brought with them when they founded the City of the Holy Faith. The bell hung in one of the mission's three towers. But following a terrific storm, the adobe towers collapsed. Only one was restored, and it was not considered strong enough to support the great seven-hundred-pound bell, made of metal four inches thick. It stands today mounted in the Chapel of San Miguel, which still holds many of its original Spanish paintings and the hand-carved beam of its founder. It, too, is said to have been cast in old Spain. They say that as the Moors approached closer and closer to a Spanish town, this bell was cast in honor of St. Joseph, the patron of the home. Into its molten metal were consigned all the women's golden ornaments and the men's silver buckles and saddle-trappings. And the town held out against the Moors.

Years later, they say the bell was brought across the seas to Old Mexico, and later transported hundreds of desert miles to the outpost of Spain in what is now New Mexico. A tap on its thick sides sets free its golden voice.

One of the bells of New Mexico was lost for almost a hundred years. It now hangs in the tower of Cristo Rey Church, which was built within the last decade to house the great pink stone reredos of an old military



Photo by New Mexico State Tourist Bureau
Even the smallest churches in the Southwest have their belfry and bell.

chapel. This bell originally hung in the church of Quarai, one of the three great stone churches of the eastern plains which simply faded from mortal thought. These beautiful churches were abandoned by their founders in the Apache raids. Whole populations moved down the Rio Grande, never to return. For almost a century no one remembered the great stone churches, Quivira a ghostly blue, Abo pink as a sea shell, and Quarai russet red. When, after long years, they were rediscovered, only the roofless walls of their former beauty were left standing stark against the blue New Mexican sky. But the bell of russet-walled Quarai keeps company with the pink stone reredos in the new church of Cristo Rey.

High up on the great rock of Acoma stands one of the most beautiful of the mission churches. Its high belfry holds an ancient bell. As Acoma is so remote, the Acoma Indians have to conduct many of their church services themselves. Because Indians believe that any act of reverence that is conducted sincerely is acceptable to "Those Above," they mingle their own ancient ceremonials with those of the Church. On Christmas they dance their own age-old ceremonials there. Every pound of adobe was carried up the four hundred feet to the mesa top on the people's backs. Every great ceiling-beam was carried on their shoulders from pine forests twenty miles away.

In the high-vaulted old church they dance their beautiful Butterfly Dance to the pounding of tombés and the hiss of rattle gourds. As shadows darken through the

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Progress of Building Operations

By MERRITT F. WILLIAMS

SINCE operations began in September six carloads of stone have been delivered, of which approximately four carloads have been set in the walls of Washington Cathedral's south transept. This has carried the east wall up some twenty courses to the height of the spring of the window arch. Good weather has favored us and little time has been lost.

Inevitably some effort seems wasted because of the necessity of checking all the surfaces and dimensions of the stone courses of the old work. Lost time, however, has been gratifyingly small. It would not have been surprising if weather and temperature changes had caused considerable damage to stone which had been left exposed and unpointed. Such has not been the case.

All who visit the work and see it in progress are impressed by the high quality both of workmanship and material. It would be hard to find any construction work where supervision is so little needed. Every man on the job knows his trade thoroughly and takes real pride in the fact that he is one of the Cathedral builders. Each can be relied on to give his best in the performance of each operation. One of our workmen has mixed the mortar for work on the Cathedral for the last twenty years. When he learned we were resuming building he was among the first to return to the Cathedral Close.

One of our stone cutters left a job paying better wages because as he expressed it "This is better work." One foreman came out of retirement to supervise the setting of the stone work and several of his old friends who had worked with him on the Cathedral in years past

joined him on this new construction. With such fine men and with such a spirit of loyalty and pride in the work, the Cathedral is assured of the best.

Our friends who have been concerned because of the difficulties we have had on keeping the moisture out of the crypt will be glad to know that we have removed the old temporary roofing over the nave foundations and are now laying a high grade roof of vermiculite under slab covered by tar and gravel. This is warranted to be completely water tight as well as having high insulation value. Fortunately for the Cathedral, the funds for this operation were provided by the accumulated income of a legacy which came to us quite unexpectedly.

The final item of building operations concerns the unromantic but highly necessary addition to our power plant. For years now we have spent each winter never knowing when our old boilers would give way completely. One boiler was built in 1910. The youngest in 1921.

After careful study, it was decided to add one completely new boiler unit to the present plant. This unit can later be reinstalled in the new power plant which we must build before many years. For the time being, however, this installation will take care of the Cathedral and its adjacent buildings adequately and economically.

It is hoped the new boiler plant will be in operation early in January. At present the foundations have been laid and the walls rising. We are waiting now for the boiler itself, which has been shipped. The 10,000 gallon fuel storage tank has arrived and is awaiting placement.

Christmas, 1948



An outdoor service on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, forty-first anniversary of the laying of the Foundation Stone of Washington Cathedral, marked the placing of the first stone in the current construction program. Using the traditional silver trowel, Dean Suter spreads mortar for the stone waiting to be placed. At his left are Mr. James P. Berkeley, cathedral verger, Mr. Philip H. Frohman, cathedral architect, and Mr. William R. Russell of the George A. Fuller Company. Bishop Dun may be glimpsed at the extreme right on the South Transept steps. At left, stones ready to be swung to the building level; a stone carver at work. Right, another truck load of stones arrives; workmen adjust the lewis pins which make hoisting possible. Below, two of the "regulars" among the construction supervisors.





Harris and Ewing

The Cathedral Choir will sing at Constitution Hall December 19 at the National Symphony Orchestra's concert in the Sunday afternoon series. Paul Callaway, organist and choirmaster (at extreme right in picture) will direct the boy choristers in the aria, "Come Unto Him, All Ye That Labor," from Handel's "The Messiah." The full choir will sing "O Magnum Mysterium" by Vittoria and "Patapan," an ancient Burgundian carol.

The boys started their Christmas season when, with the students of the two schools, they presented an all-carol service in the Cathedral. On the day after Christmas the annual Christmas musical service will be sung by the full choir.

Faith and the Church

An Address by

JOSEPH C. GREW

President of the National Cathedral Association

I HAVE ventured to call this talk today, given at the generous invitation of Dr. Hastings, "Faith and the Church." For without faith, how shall we effectively meet the terrific problems that confront us in our world today, and without the Church, how shall our faith be moulded and kept impregnably alive?

The other day a prominent European statesman wrote me:

"The present situation in Europe reminds me of a burning house whose most valuable treasures are threatened by fire. In order to prevent its expansion we are right in doing all possible to sever the burning parts from the rest and protect what can still be saved. It would be, however, a disastrous mistake to feel satisfied with such measures while the fire is still raging in the other parts of the house.

"In Western Europe, we are perfectly right in strengthening ourselves against the expansion of predatory power and in uniting for this purpose all the interested countries. As long as this remains only a primary phase in our program, it is quite reasonable and permissible. We cannot, however, and we should not indulge in believing that what is wrong and condemnable on one side of a given line can be tolerated and excused as expedient on the other.

"Fire in a house as well as negation of moral principles in a human community are always and everywhere dangerous. Freedom, justice and decency do not change according to whether one lives to the West or to the East of an artificial line of partition. We cannot, therefore, without being hypocritical, proclaim our faith in the maintenance of stability, safety and happiness on one side of such a line, while being prepared to tolerate indefinitely slavery, injustice and human misery on the other.

"I am sure you will agree with me that in the long

run moral values, which are permanent and unchangeable, must be restored everywhere, and must triumph notwithstanding the costs and the risks, if our world and its ancient civilization are to be preserved."

The man who recently wrote those words has himself been through the fire. He was Foreign Minister of a country which today has lost its liberty.

Now it is far from my intention to talk of international affairs today. But I have given that letter a good deal of thought, and I have quoted from it because it affords a sort of text for what I would like to say. "Moral values, which are permanent and unchangeable, must be restored everywhere, and must triumph notwithstanding the costs and the risks, if our world and its ancient civilization are to be preserved." Those words "must triumph" denote a refreshing and abiding faith in the midst of the doubts and discouragements that so often assail us.

We have heard a good deal in recent times on the subject of preparedness. I myself have constantly held and have publicly stated on many occasions that the only answer to the destructive and steadily spreading influences of Communism, the best possible insurance against war, and the best possible guarantee of enduring peace, is preparedness. But preparedness has many facets. There is military preparedness, there is political, social and economic preparedness and, finally and predominantly, there is moral and spiritual preparedness. Those moral values of which my friend writes are substantially built on spiritual values; they are part and parcel of the principles of Christianity whose exponent and interpreter must be and is the Church. It is the Church that lays the foundation of our faith and that helps us to build on that foundation. Upon the robustness of that foundation depends the strength and utility of whatever superstructure we are able to erect upon it, and in the strength

The Cathedral Age

and day to day utility of that superstructure lies our preparedness to meet the appalling challenge of destructive and subversive influences that permeate our world today.

Forging the Foundation

Now how is that foundation forged? In many, many different ways, of course, according to individual experience, but please let me tell you a story, a true story of a boy I know well. It is a very intimate story, but I think that to relate personal experiences, even the most intimate, is sometimes helpful by way of illustrating and crystallizing a point at issue.

This story began over fifty years ago, at school. The boy I have in mind must have been singularly late in maturing because in those earlier years, he never seemed to get his teeth into life. His thoughts were undisciplined; he day-dreamed and failed utterly to learn how to concentrate on the work at hand. The result of course was that he stood regularly near the bottom of his class, and the teachers were freely predicting that he would never pass the college examinations. Then suddenly he was thrown off the crew for reasons which seemed to him wholly unfair, and the unfairness of it rankled. Morale had reached its lowest ebb.

What happened then one can only ascribe to the instinctive reaching out for some kind of help which years of going to church had taught. It wasn't any formalized reaching out, as that boy remembers it; it was sort of inarticulate and was probably never actually expressed in words; but it was not the less earnest. On a morning in spring he unexpectedly awoke at dawn, and this was unusual because we boys generally slept soundly until the waking bell tore us out of sleep. But there was no mistaking the urge. It was precisely as if someone had pulled him awake and had said: "Now dress, drop out of the dormitory window and walk over those hills." Still half asleep, he reluctantly did so.

It was a lovely morning. Even today he still remembers the freshness of the dawn breeze and the all-pervading smell of the fields and flowers. It was just one of those days of solid inspiration. Lowell's lines were with him that morning:

*"Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten,
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."*

Well, that boy seems to have been told things on his walk, and the result of it completely altered the current

of life. Thereafter he arose every morning at sunrise, studied intensively all day, and when the college examinations were all passed, some with honors, I don't believe that the astonished headmaster and the faculty ever really understood just what had happened.

If anything were needed permanently and unansweredly to confirm and to vitalize one's faith in what the Church teaches, that sort of experience certainly does it. Thus one learns how to reach out to that tremendous reservoir of strength and power and guidance that lies ready for all of us to draw upon if only we understand how to use it. That boy tells me that he has seldom tackled a difficult job in life without first asking for the help without which he knows very well that his own puny efforts would have resulted in failure. Indeed, it sometimes amazes him to look at something that he has produced, after reaching out for help, and saying to himself: "That's not *my* work. Never in the world could I have done *that* alone."

Those values are, in the words of my foreign friend, "permanent and unchangeable." They are values available to us all. But men and nations, which are made up of men, who are striving earnestly for enduring world peace, must understand those values and must use them in their daily lives, if our world and its civilization are to be preserved. Therein lies preparedness—preparedness to meet whatever may come. Doesn't it all boil down to just one thing, the efficacy of prayer? Isn't it all expressed in those very beautiful words, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and the door will be opened unto you"? In the aliveness and sureness of those promises, built upon unwavering faith, lies the solution of most of the problems of life, and the certain ultimate triumph of those permanent and unchangeable moral values predicted by my European friend.

The Cathedral Association

Now, all this leads up to the subject I wanted to speak about today, but I shall deal with it very briefly. That subject is the Washington Cathedral, and since I happen to be President of the National Cathedral Association, it is a subject that lies very close to my heart.

The National Cathedral Association is concerned more with the current maintenance of the Cathedral and its activities than with the completion of the structure, although both objectives come within the purview and responsibilities of the Association. There is still much building to be done, and some day it will be done—indeed building is to be resumed this autumn—when the completed edifice will eventually stand outlined

Christmas, 1948

against the sky on the beautiful crest of Mount St. Alban in the city of Washington and will take its place among the great cathedrals of the world as an inspiration to our country and to mankind.

But even at present the Cathedral is already a going concern, with the apse, the great choir and organ and the north transept and many chapels, including the lovely Bethlehem Chapel, completed and with inspiring services regularly held, while pastoral work is carried on every day in the week.

The other day a cathedral staff member was about to take some friends through the building. A stranger to the Cathedral, one of the group inquired just what kind of cathedral this was. The staff member immediately quoted the Guide Book paragraphs: ". . . owned and operated by the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation, but being built as a House of Prayer for All People," where all races and creeds are welcome. The visitors, now approaching the Bethlehem Chapel entrance, appeared to be listening attentively, but suddenly one looked up and, nodding toward the steps, said, "Yes, I see exactly what you mean." The staff member followed his astonished glance and there, descending the steps, were two Indians, wearing the conventional Hindu garb. Several moments later the staff member and her friends entered the main body of the church. Coming towards them were four Chinese women, wearing the traditional long dress of their country. At this point the guide abandoned her book entirely, realizing again that the Cathedral speaks most eloquently when it speaks for itself.

The primary work of the National Cathedral Association is to maintain the Cathedral's daily life. Gifts and bequests for either the building or the maintenance fund are most heartily welcomed, especially because the Cathedral has almost no regular maintenance income and therefore must have provision made for its regular ministry, but our main purpose is to increase membership in the Association all over the country with merely nominal minimum dues of three dollars a year which include a subscription to its magazine, *THE CATHEDRAL AGE*. For that purpose we have local chairmen, chiefly women, in the various States and sometimes in more than one diocese in the same State, who are giving devoted service to this great cause.

The other day one of these representatives was dictating to a public stenographer a letter about the Association. The stenographer said: "Why I have never even heard of the Washington Cathedral. Couldn't I become a member?" She paid her three dollars on the spot. The more the Cathedral becomes known through-

out the country, the more far-reaching support we believe it will receive from our people, for it represents all our people. In these days when the most hard-headed among us recognize that in the application of Christian principles to all man's dealing with man lies the only hope of true peace and happiness, the work of the National Cathedral Association assumes renewed significance. For as its membership grows, so spreads the news of what this great Cathedral in the Nation's capital is doing to inspire men anew with the conviction that this nation was built on the solid foundation of Christian teaching and principles, and that only by adherence to that teaching and those principles can we wisely, justly and worthily discharge the ever-increasing responsibilities of greatness. That's where our faith and the Church play their essential part. Those are the convictions upon which alone we can effectively meet the challenge of a distraught world.

Someone once described the Taj Mahal in India as "frozen music." Certainly we may compare the Washington Cathedral to a very beautiful symphony, but for a sanctuary so warm and pulsating and alive, the word "frozen" would be out of place. Let us rather think of the Cathedral as a *living* monument to man's faith in God.

Casady School

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1950

The Right Reverend Thomas Casady
Bishop of Oklahoma

The Reverend Michael Martin
Headmaster

Washington Cathedral Chronicles

U. N. Day Service

In cooperation with the District of Columbia Citizens' Committee for the Observance of United Nations Day on October 24, Washington Cathedral held a Service of Prayer that afternoon, at which Mr. Harper Sibley, chairman of the National Committee for U. N. Day, was the speaker. Dean Suter was assisted in conducting the service by the Rev. Leslie Glenn, rector of St. John's Church and chairman of the Committee on Religious Life in the Nation's Capital. The lesson was read by His Excellency Sir Oliver Franks, British Ambassador to the United States.

In his address Mr. Sibley declared that the United Nations organization has a power far greater than any police power: open discussion of world problems, thus creating a world public opinion which has acted as a deterrent to open warfare and is promoting international understanding. Particularly contributing to the latter, he said, are the many commissions, such as FAO, ITO, UNESCO, whose studies are already furthering cooperative programs all over the world.

Dean Suter led the congregation in a Litany of Nations which he had written for the occasion and which had been widely distributed, with prayers composed by Cardinal Spellman and Rabbi Rosenblum, for U. N. Day use throughout the country:

"That it may please thee to give to all nations equal justice under law.

"That the leaders of all peoples, wise and incorruptible, fearing only thee, may at last face one another with candor, as fellow-citizens of thy world,

"That each nation may bring its tribute of excellence to the common treasury, without fear and without the lust of domination,

"That the scientists of all nations, relieved of the burdens laid upon them by war, may work together in the fight against plague, famine, and every disease that wastes the mind and body of man,

.....

"Save us, O Lord God, from a servile and slanted press, radio, and screen; and, that thy truth may govern those who speak where many listen and write what many read,

"Save us, O God, from the economic sickness that brings to individuals great poverty or great wealth; and, that thou wilt have mercy upon rich and poor,

"Give us, O Lord, men and women of splendid and incorruptible leadership, who will broaden our horizon, and enlarge our vision; and, that their wills may be alert to build a new citadel of justice and fair dealing."

Assistant Minister Appointed

Dr. Leonard Ellinwood, who was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Dun in Bethlehem Chapel last spring, has been appointed as Assistant Minister to the Cathedral. The action was taken by Bishop Dun and confirmed by the Cathedral Chapter at its June meeting.

For many years a member of the cathedral choir, Dr. Ellinwood is also serving the Church as editor of a Commentary on the Hymnal.

Choral Society Concert

The Great Mass in C minor by Wolfgang Mozart, performed by the chorus of 160 voices, an orchestra drawn from the National Symphony Orchestra, and four soloists, was the major presentation on the fall concert program of the Cathedral Choral Society. Given in the Cathedral on the evening of November 15, the concert was attended by more than 1,500 persons, among them several members of the National Cathedral Association board of trustees, who met in Washington that day. Under the baton of Paul Callaway, the musicians gave a truly remarkable performance of this beautiful music, and Richard W. Dirksen's work at the organ contributed greatly to the success of this and the other selections.

The first half of the program included "Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silent," an old French air arranged by Gustav Holst for boys' voices, chorus, orchestra, and organ. In this work, and in Leo Sowerby's "Medieval Poem" which followed, the cathedral choir boys, singing from the north musicians' gallery, sang with a purity of tone and effectiveness which was one of the highlights of the entire evening. The fourth selection was "Fili Mi, Absolon" by Schutz, for bass solo, four trumpets, and organ.

The Society will present Johann Sebastian Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" in the spring.

Landscaping Fund Established

Announcement of the establishment of a fund to be used for developing a long-range plan of the Cathedral Close was authorized by the Chapter at the June meet-

Christmas, 1948

ing. The Cathedral is now seeking additional gifts for this fund, to insure that the plan will include all future development and all service facilities which can be foreseen, together with the landscaping and planting of the grounds.

The nearly sixty acres of Washington Cathedral's Close are as distinctive in their way as is the great gothic structure they surround and enhance. Comprising some of the highest land in the Nation's Capital, they include a fine stand of oaks, as well as acres of lawns, the nationally famous Bishop's Garden, miles of roadways, and the playing fields of the three cathedral schools. To care for and improve these naturally beautiful surroundings is both a responsibility and a challenge. Recognizing this, two generous friends of the Cathedral have

started the new Landscaping Fund, one by a gift of \$15,000 to be supplemented later, and another by a promise of \$5,000 annually for five years.

Christmas at the Cathedral

The first Christmas service this year as in the past is the schools' carol service, held early in December. Nearly 800 students at St. Albans and the National Cathedral School for Girls take part in this beautiful music festival.

The Beauvoir School pupils have their Cathedral Christmas observance in the Bethlehem Chapel on December 17. On this occasion, the children enact familiar Christmas carols and songs, while their school mates

Upper left, members of the Junior Police and Citizens Corps leave the Cathedral following a service of evensong attended by more than 800 children. Lower right, Corps members during the service. Lower left, Dean Suter, with Mr. James P. Berkeley, Cathedral Verger, greets Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador to the United States, Lady Franks, and their young daughters before the U. N. Day service. His Excellency read the Lesson on this occasion.



Jack Wilson Photo



Harris and Ewing Photos

sing. The intense, happy concentration of the young actors, the candlelit chapel, the beauty of the childish voices combine to make this one of the loveliest occasions of the season.

Bishop Dun will be the celebrant at the midnight service of Holy Communion on Christmas Eve, when the Cathedral will be illuminated by more than 1,000 candles. On Christmas Day the 11 a.m. service will be held in cooperation with the Washington Federation of Churches, with Bishop Dun, president of the Federation, preaching. The order of service will be arranged so that ministers of other member denominations can take part in its conduct.

Guest Preachers

Among the guest preachers who have spoken in the Cathedral this fall are several outstanding leaders. Early in September the Rt. Rev. John S. Moyes, D.D., Bishop of Armidale, New South Wales, preached at an 11 o'clock Sunday service and also addressed the faculties of the Cathedral Schools at a special service held for them before the opening of the school years. Dr. John Huess, Director of the Department of Christian Education of the National Council, was the preacher at the diocesan church school teachers dedication service. The United Nations Day service speaker was a noted Churchman, Harper Sibley, who was national chairman of the Citizens' Committee for the Observance of U.N. Day throughout this country.

Frequently the Cathedral is able to obtain as guest preacher the man who is to be leader of a College of Preachers Conference. This was the reason we were able to have the Rev. A. Gabriel Hebert, English lecturer at the Berkeley Divinity School in New Haven, preach on the last Sunday in October. Another English visitor was the Rt. Rev. Stephen Neill, Assistant Bishop of Canterbury, who arrived in this country just in time to preach in the Cathedral on November 14.

Lighted Churches at Christmas

A CATHEDRAL AGE reader has reported a plan being widely promoted by churches of various denominations, and which might be of interest to other AGE readers. Calling attention to the widespread use of lights by business organizations during the Christmas season, this plan proposes that the churches, who lead the world in celebrating the birth of the Light of the World, should be lighted, from within and without, during the holy season.

Notes from the Editor's Desk

Certain historical notes included in Dean McNeil's article on St. Matthew's Cathedral (page 5) were written by Mr. Edward Hall and published in 1931 under the title "St. Matthew's Cathedral in Laramie, Wyoming."

* * *

THE AGE office has received several inquiries regarding the purchase of back numbers of the magazine. Save in a few instances, where a particular issue has been exhausted, back issues are obtainable at 25 cents each. When the magazines are to be used for National Cathedral Association or other Cathedral promotional purposes, no charge is made.

* * *

Mr. Hal Jukes' article on York Minster (page 16) was originally prepared as a script for a British Broadcasting Company program. Permission to publish it in THE AGE was obtained through the courtesy of the British Information Services office in New York.

* * *

The Hon. Joseph C. Grew's address, published on page 23, was delivered last summer in St. John's Church, Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, at the invitation of the rector, the Rev. A. Abbott Hastings.

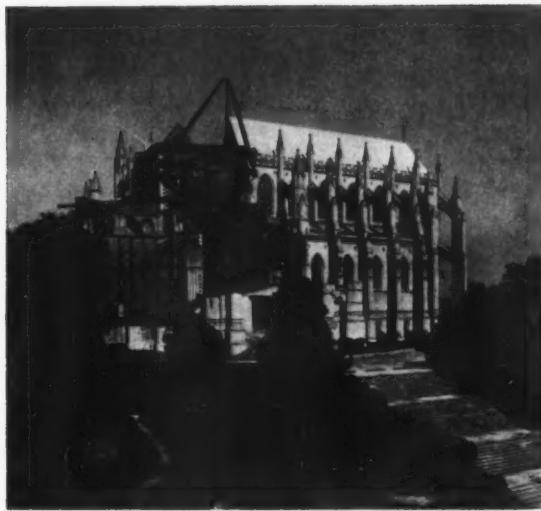
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Arrangements for the publication of Miss Lawrence's article, "An Australian Parish Church," (page 15) were made through the courtesy of the Australian News Information Bureau in New York.

Join the
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OF
DIMES**

**FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS**

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



Washington Cathedral, South Side

Their Names Shall Be Had in Everlasting Remembrance

WE do well when we commemorate the dead worthily. But it is often beyond our power or means. Therefore many have welcomed an opportunity to enshrine the names and memories of the Christian dead in this beautiful new Cathedral in the Nation's Capital. Our tribute can here be built into the everlasting walls of this House of Prayer for all People. * A plain building stone can be placed in the Cathedral fabric and a name inscribed in the Book of Remembrance, there to be preserved for all time, at a cost of ten dollars—about what it costs to send a floral tribute. A certificate signed by the Bishop of Washington and the Dean of the Cathedral is sent promptly to the family so that its members may know what is being done.

THUS the gift becomes a permanent memorial, serving both God and man, as this great Cathedral rises. It testifies to the honor and respect, to the love and affection, of the giver for the departed. It comforts the bereaved to know that the memory of their beloved dead is forever preserved in the Temple of God.

* Either now or later you may desire to make such a memorial for a friend or a member of your family. Washington Cathedral invites you to do so.

Persons desiring to commemorate the departed in this way should send the appropriate information to W. R. Castle, Treasurer, Washington Cathedral National Building Fund, Washington 16, D. C.

York Minster

(Continued from page 17)

Great, magnificent churches—one had thirty altars—which were the wonder of everyone who saw them. Solid rubble foundations 60 feet wide, walls ten feet thick; we didn't find out how magnificent those old churches of thirteen hundred years ago were until 1931, when excavations laid their foundations bare. The third church was 180 feet long and 55 feet wide, spacious and splendid, with a vaulted roof and colored glass.

Then, when the Normans had subdued the North, they, too, started to build, under their own elected archbishop. Less than a couple of centuries later, in Henry the Second's time, they began to pull down this fourth great church and rebuild it anew, bigger and more magnificent than ever. And this, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth century Minster is the one we see today. We know all about its building, even the names of the workmen and the wages paid to them: three shillings a week for the master-mason, but that three shillings would pay the rent of a good house for a year. Skilled craftsmen received $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 shillings. And the carving they did, both in wood and stone, has never been surpassed. Some of it is almost breathtaking in its beauty.

But all about the Minster is breathtaking—its size, its proportions, its stained glass—the east window alone is larger than a tennis court—the carvings on the tombs of past archbishops, the chapter house (surely one of the most perfect examples of mediæval architecture anywhere), the massive fifteenth century doors, best part of a foot thick, the proud heraldry of the coats of arms high up along the walls, even the grand charter-horn of Ulf, given to the church long before the Norman Conquest. It is the history of England. All is grand and inspiring and magnificent.

But then, so are many of our great cathedrals. The real glory of York is in its stained and painted glass of the Middle Ages. Those old builders always filled the window spaces with colored glass as they erected them. Not many churches now contain more than a fragmentary part of their original treasures. A vast amount was destroyed at the Reformation; many windows were broken up and then replaced with no

semblance of order, just a patchwork; others were refurnished with modern work.

York has been fortunate. In 117 windows, most of them complete or almost so, there is still left a very large proportion of original twelfth or fourteenth century stained glass. In fact, more than half of all the mediæval glass in the country is enshrined in York Minster. There must be acres of it. As I mentioned, the East Window is as big as a tennis court. Then there are the St. William and St. Cuthbert windows, eighty feet high; two of the three York "walls of glass." The "Five Sisters" is surely one of the loveliest windows in the world. The funds for its preservation were dedicated as the Empire's war memorial to the women of the 1914-1918 war. But these are only four out of scores. The stained glass in York Minster is one of the kingdom's greatest treasures. To see the morning sunlight pouring through the three great east-end windows on to the High Altar is a sight which can never be forgotten.

All the Minster windows were dismantled and the glass hidden away during the recent war. York had its share of Nazi bombing, and now replacing is a slow job. The glass will not all be in position again for many years to come—not in my time, I fear. But I am grateful that I saw it so often when it was all in place.

The memorial chapels are for the famous Yorkshire regiments, shrines of the first world war, with the undying names of many famous battlefields blazoned across their fronts—Ypres, the Somme, the Lys, Villers Bretonneus, Gallipoli. Other, newer names must be added now, for they, too, are part of the heritage of York, as they are of all the English-speaking world.

And the Minster is a worthy shrine. It is even more magnificent outside than it is in. I have mentioned the West Front, admittedly one of the finest in the world. You stand in front of it, with the twin towers soaring away up towards the sky, wondering at the size and beauty of it all. Then perhaps you move away, to one of the more distant viewpoints, say from some part of the city walls—and the western front looks small. You realize the vast size of the Minster.

The whole of York owes much, I think, to the Tadcaster stone of which it is built. The white stone makes the place look clean and fresh; swept and garnished, as it were. The old walls—there are three miles of them—shine. They glisten in the sun as if they were new-built.

York, I think, must have always looked right, all down the ages. It is a fairy city—to me, the loveliest in the world, and crowned to perfection by York Minster.

Christmas, 1948

"Behold....
I bring you
good tidings
of great joy..."

For, this
day, is
born to you a
Savior, who is
Christ the Lord..."

ST. LUKE 2:10,11



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N. C. S. Graduate Works with Navajo Indians



Sallie Lippincott
and as a result for ten years they have lived on a Navajo reservation in Arizona.

When the Lippincotts first reached Wide Ruins, Arizona, it was a tumbled down Trading Post completely surrounded by the ruins of an Indian town built about 1200. Wide Ruins has an elevation of from 5000-7000 feet, with the mountains rising above that. The growing season is short, averaging only 90 days, and some years there is frost every month. Wide Ruins is never very warm in the summer, and always below freezing in the winter.

The Trading Post is 70 miles from the nearest town so that the incidental plumbing and electrical repair jobs must be handled without calling in the plumber or electrician. The Lippincotts now feel qualified as general maintenance workers, able to trace down the wiring or repair a broken pipe. In addition to their own such needs, they must be the social workers for the Indians. The Navajos depend on the traders for everything which they associate with our way of life. Accordingly Sallie Lippincott says, "If they need a doctor they come to us and we haul them twenty-five miles to the mission hospital. We write their letters for them and mail their packages. If one of them becomes ambitious to own a house like the white man, we have to attend to the ordering of building supplies and then have to superintend every step in construction. They borrow money from us to go to town and then if they get in trouble with

the police they send us messages to come and bail them out or to steer them through their trial. We find jobs for them off the reservation and then stake them to clothes and food while they are on the jobs."

The trading business is literally what the name implies, a *trading* business. When an Indian shops, he seldom pays cash, but instead either carries on barter for his needs with rugs, jewelry, or skins, or asks to have things on credit. Payment of bills to the Trading Post is done in the spring with wool, or in the fall with lambs. Thus the Lippincotts must know the people well, and be able to judge how much credit they may safely extend on the basis of the herds of the individual Indians.

The Lippincotts have taken an interest in helping to improve the native handiwork of these Indians, especially along the lines of weaving craft and silver smithing. Such handiwork may be used to supplement the income the Navajos derive from their lambs and wool. The Indian Craft Shop in the Department of Interior in Washington now has on display some of the work which the Indians of Wide Ruins have been encouraged to do by Sallie and Bill.

Alert, busy, full of life, the Lippincotts are doing a good and interesting work. As Sallie Lippincott says, "So many people ask us if we don't get lonely here, and what on earth we do for amusement. I often wonder what they do for amusement. Everything we do is a lot of fun."

We well believe that, and N. C. S. is proud to claim Sallie Wagner Lippincott as a graduate.



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Christmas, 1948

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ORATE YOUR VALIANT MEN
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FORCES IN TIMES OF WAR
BY ENSHRINING THEIR
NAMES AND SERVICE REC-
ORDS IN THE NATIONAL
ROLL OF HONOR.



Architect's Sketch of the Patriots' Transept

Have You Enrolled Your Servicemen?

Here, in the Patriots' Transept, surrounded by symbols of Christian faith and hope, in peace and beauty, the National Roll of Honor will permanently record our nationwide tribute of honor and gratitude for their loyalty, patriotism, and sacrifice. The privilege of submitting names is open to all. The only requirement is that the enrollment be signed by the veteran or some member of his or her family.

**For full information and enrollment forms write to the
National War Memorial Committee, Washington Cathedral**

YOUR CATHEDRAL IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Washington Cathedral

MOUNT SAINT ALBAN

WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

Letters to the Editor

It is with very real gratitude that I write to acknowledge the receipt through C.A.R.E. office of twenty-three parcels donated by the congregation of Washington Cathedral to the Y.W.C.A. of Great Britain.

The parcels are being redistributed to our divisional offices throughout the country, while we are keeping half a dozen in London, and it has been suggested that the contents should be given to members of staff or of our clubs who are in the doctor's hands. As I am sure you know, our rations are sufficient for health, but they are really not sufficient to rebuild lowered vitality after an operation or serious illness.

I hope that you will receive letters from some of the recipients so that you may know what kind of people have profited from your generosity. We are for instance giving half a parcel to a member of National staff who had a serious attack of pneumonia; another who has had a mysterious undiagnosed disease; another who is in a mental hospital; and a youngster who has outgrown her strength and just needs feeding up. I hope this gives you some indication of the real value of your gift.

With many thanks.

FLORENCE G. SUTTON, *Secretary
International Service Committee.*

Y.W.C.A. National Offices
Great Russell Street
London W.C.1, England

* * *

Enclosed please find a check for (\$10.00) ten dollars as our contribution toward the Cathedral fund. We visited the Cathedral on our honeymoon last April, and were very much impressed. It certainly is wonderful to have something like it in our national capital. We sincerely hope to visit it often and also to add our bit toward making it grow. We are also looking forward to the issues of THE CATHEDRAL AGE which we understand will be sent to us.

JOYCE AND DAVID GORTE
(Mr. and Mrs. D. A.)

1544 Holden Avenue
Detroit 8, Michigan



MAKE THIS AN HERB CHRISTMAS

To add piquancy to holiday feasts, as well as to enliven meals all the year round, the Cottage Herb Garden offers jars of seasoning herbs, some already mixed, some challenging the more adventurous cook to try blending her own. Basil, Sweet Marjoram, Rosemary, Savory, Tarragon, Thyme—these come in matching jars at 25 cents each. Packaged for mailing 5 cents and postage are added for boxes of two or four jars; 10 cents and postage for boxes of six.

And for those who are willing to try, but grateful for a bit of guidance, the Cottage publishes a very colorful and informative Herb Chart which vividly notes particular affinities between many herbs and herb combinations and various meats, poultries, and vegetables. These sell for 35 cents flat; 45 cents when mailed in a cardboard tube.

Every gourmet knows the superiority of freshly ground pepper over the store variety. Less familiar is the fresh piquancy of table-ground salt crystals. The Cottage now has ample supply of peppercorns and salt crystals, as well as pepper and salt mills guaranteed to add distinction to both table setting and food.

A card of inquiry will bring information on these and other items on the Herb Cottage shelves. Address the Cottage Herb Garden, Washington Cathedral, Washington 16, D. C.



Christmas, 1948

St. Vitus Cathedral

(Continued from page 10)

with flowers, burning candles, and electric lights; colorful despite the huge gray stone walls and floors.

Under some of the square stones of the floor are tombs. Many of these are carved and bear intricate inscriptions. Effigies of cardinals, bishops, archbishops, priests, knights, and counts lie in full regalia and mingled with them are effigies of more worldly persons, wearing medieval armour, some surrounded by wives and children. Many tombstones are imbedded in the wall; over some are whole groups carved in stone, with inscriptions showing names and arms, as well as dates of birth and death.

Through a narrow ironclad door near one of the altars on the left side, down narrow spiralling stone and iron steps, is the vault of the kings of Bohemia. The

vault was carved from solid rock, so that the dry air might keep the ancient kings and queens from decay. And there they are, in richly silvered and gilded sarcophagi, save for one which is black and without ornament, because the cause of death was pestilence. Under the church there are catacombs for monks, and frequently lonely skulls have been brought to light by shovel and spade. In exploring these catacombs, ancient wall foundations have been found which are believed to be remnants of a palace of the time of Libussa and Pemysl, the first Bohemian rulers known to history.

Highly colored stained glass windows light the main sanctuary, from one side of which a narrow staircase mounts to the choir loft, where the cords which move the great bells are visible. Some of the bells are of brass, others said to be of pure silver. Many have been donated by the people of Prague after plagues and wars—given with thankfulness that death spared them. The bells of St. Vitus have sounded many a time to warn the people of Prague of death, plagues, war, fire, and flood; and also to sing of Easter, Christmas, and the New Year. And every Sunday the bells sound to call people to worship in their ancient cathedral.



Beauvoir

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Australian Parish Church

(Continued from page 15)

Ancient and modern are again blended in the beautiful little Angel Chapel. The oak screens feature twelve carved panels, each one symbolizing an aspect of Australian life or history. One panel shows the explorers of the unknown land, another flocks of sheep beneath gum-trees, another a Cobb and Company coach, one of those that ruled the roads of the continent for nearly half a century.

Thus, the country in which the congregation lives and the daily work of their hands are brought into close relationship with their church worship.

In a further blending of past and present, fragments

of medieval glass from the cathedrals of Ypres and Soissons are set into the glass panels above the carved pictures of the oak screen. Higher up are the banners of the Tribes of Israel.

St. John's was erected in 1860. Plans prepared by the English architect, W. W. Wardell, were based on Early English Gothic parish churches, with their sharp, high and pointed arches. Extra additions, including the tower and spire, were made in the 1870's. The building is of bluestone (basalt) with door and window frames of freestone.



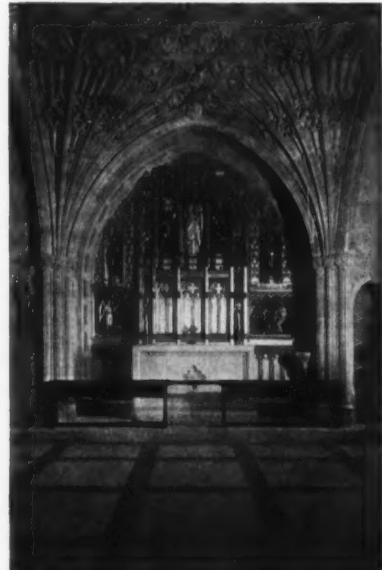
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Children's Chapel

Marble flooring here, as well as in many other sections of Washington Cathedral, was executed by the

STANDARD ART, MARBLE, AND TILE CO., Inc.
117 D ST., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C. Tel. NA. 7413-7414

Christmas, 1948

Bells of Pioneer Churches

(Continued from page 19)

high little windows, they congregate around a manger scene and pay their respects to the Holy Child.

Outside, in the high bell tower under a green wintry sky, a bell ringer starts the old bell in Christmas song. But he does not use a rope. Rather, following ancient custom, he belabors the sides of the old bell with a rock in either hand and coaxes from it sweet and rhythmic sounds, which float off across the high table-land of the Sky City where men still watch their flocks by night and are well acquainted with the march of stars across the vast heavens.

Thus have the bells of pioneer adobe churches added lore, beauty, and poetry to the land. In the troubled world of today it is good to hear them ringing across the snow of winter and the blossoms of spring, for they, too, have come through great vicissitudes. They speak of courage, endurance, and faith, and the gold of their song rings true.

CONGER'S Laundry

Has grown with Washington Cathedral in the last forty years and has had the privilege of serving the National Cathedral School for most of that time.

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WASHINGTON 7, D. C.**

Fine Dry Cleaning

Massacre of the Innocents

(Continued from page 4)

great settings by Johann Sebastian Bach.

"The Massacre of the Holy Innocents" will be sung on the afternoon of January 30 by the Cathedral Choir of men and boys under the direction of Paul Callaway. Later in the spring, Mr. Callaway will direct the Cathedral Choral Society in a production of J. S. Bach's "St. Matthew Passion."

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Grace and Holy Trinity

(Continued from page 14)

are the work of James Powell and Sons, of the late Charles J. Connick, and The Tiffany Studio. One of the windows—a memorial to the William Rockhill Nelson family—is set high in the west wall—a landscape window, Norman arched and of heroic size. It dominates the great west wall, being the only window in it. It depicts a forest, autumn tinted, through which a brook brawls along the wood. There is only one figure in the window, the figure of a deer sequestered from its fellows, evidently a hunted deer, and thirsty. The sermon the window preaches is from Psalm xlii, "Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God. . . My tears have been my meat day and night."

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The west window is singled out, amongst many others which are significant, because many approaching the west wall to leave the cathedral are seen gazing up to it, as if arrested by its meaning. There is a shallow optimism of life, and there is a faith to face its realities. It

is all in that window. As George MacDonald put it: "Must it not be a deep spiritual instinct that drives trouble into solitude? Away from the herd flies the wounded deer; away from the flock staggers the sickly sheep—to the lonely covert to die. The man too thinks it is to die; but it is in truth so to return to life. 'Leave me to my misery,' cries the man, and Lo, his misery is the winds of the waving garments of him that walks in the garden in the cool of the day! All misery is *God unknown*." Surely for this human solitude God's House is meant.

A striking departure from the rounded arches of the cathedral is the pointed arch of the choir. Aside from the fact that with the steep roof the pointed arch was necessary, it also seems to declare a certain reverential feeling. This was further enhanced when later was added a marble and bronze rood screen, massive in form, but when seen from the nave, of lacy beauty in its intricate weaving of pattern. The rood screen is even more pointed than the choir arch. The altar is massive and of carved oak, although its reddish-dark pillars and richly polychromed arches give an impression of some more precious material. The gospel arch contains a painting of St. Peter with the question: "Lord to whom shall we go?" the arch on the epistle side is of St. John with the

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assertion: "In Him was Life and the Life was the Light of men," and the central arch is of the Christ answering Peter's question and confirming John's faith: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The pulpit is of gray marble and bronze, and the font, across the choir and to the left of the carved eagle lectern, is of massive gray marble, its carved bowl alone weighing 4,000 pounds. As one looks about, one sees evidences of strength in the great stone walls, and looking upward to the nearly ninety-foot height of the roof are the iron trusses of six tons each, and the Oregon fir timber trusses and rafters sixty-five feet in one piece. Strength is certainly in this sanctuary, but there is beauty, too.

During Dean Sprouse's rectorship of the cathedral, through one of the last benefactions of the late Henry D. Ashley, the tower was carried up to completion and chimes were installed. Mr. Ashley was a vestryman for half a century of the church and cathedral, and for the greater part of that time a warden. He interested his friends in finishing the tower he lived to see completed.

The cathedral owns much property, nearly the whole block upon which it stands. It has now its stone parish house, massive as itself, with its assembly room decorated

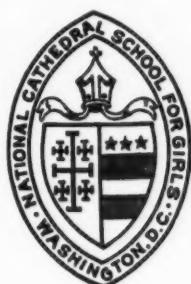
with murals showing the development of our Church in colonial times; with its "toiry," making glad the little children in its neighborhood; its children's clinic and visiting nurse station; and it has room to grow. In 1898, Cameron Mann wrote: "And now for the future—ah, what dreams I have of that! The completion of the tower, the long rows of memorial windows, the new organ, the new pulpit, the endowment of the parish! May the dreams come true!"

Cameron Mann's dreams have come true—all or in great part. Those who come after him dream, too. Dream of a greater cathedral center to speak and to work for God. To dream for God. . .

"Is it a dream?

Nay, but the lack of it a dream;
And, failing it, life's love and lore a dream,
And all the world a dream."

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